



Colonel Lackland (unsured). "ANYBODY HURT, THOMAS?"

Thomas. "MISS HANGELA, SIR, A BIT SHAKEN."

Colonel. "TUT, TUT! I DON'T HAVE TO PAY ON MISS ANGELA. ARE YOU INJURED?"

### THE CALENDAR BROUGHT UP TO DATE.

It has long been felt that the nomenclature of the months has become inappropriate and misleading, and the following list of new names has been recommended:—

JAY is the suggested name for the first month, as being brisk and snappy, with a touch of New-Yearishness about it, and a hint of the May-like weather that sets in the day after most people have bought their new skates.

FEBRUENE links together the idea of rain and frost with that of the Mid-summer softness (or madness) which is often experienced about the middle of the month, say on the 14th.

MARTEMBER is a tribute to the sweltering heat of an early Easter, which not infrequently follows a blustering Lent.

APVEMBER is the fourth month, and means that the Summer is really over for good by this time.

MAICH represents the tail of March, which is so often lashed in the faces of those who put aside their overcoats too soon.

JUNUARY is a blend of frost and foliage, long days and still longer coal-bills.

JULOBER is a reminder that in the midst of Summer we are in Autumn.

AUGRIL does not exclude the idea of a broiling day or two, but warns the public to look out for rain and hail.

SEPTUARY signifies the blending of Autumnal peace with the fury and the floods of Winter.

OCTULY is the time when people have got home from the sea-side, and the weather clears up and behaves nicely for a time.

NOVEMBER is the one name left unchanged, the general feeling being that the eleventh month has always been as bad as possible. The old adage connected with this month has been amended as follows:—

"Please to remember  
The filth of November."

DECEMBUST is the last month of the year, when people can sit on the grass or lie in hammocks. The name has therefore a touch of August in it, and at the same time gives a hint of the exuberant cheerfulness associated with the festive season.

It has also been suggested that the four seasons should be renamed as follows:—

SPRINTER, SUMTUMN, AUPRING, WINTUMMER.

It is a hard thing of the *Daily Dispatch*, but very soothing to the police, to publish a portrait of the Earl of CADOGAN "wearing the State jewels and decoration of the Order of St. PATRICK, which are missing from Dublin Castle."

On the same subject, *The Daily Telegraph* says:—

"The regret that a great historic parure—if the word may be used—has by this time been entirely lost is universal."

Why apologise for "parure"? We cannot think of a more suitable word for *The Daily Telegraph* to use. But we regard this diffidence with some alarm. Is it the sign of the crumbling away of a great tradition?

### Another Injustice to Scotland.

"THE feature of the competition was the form shown by JEAN GASSIET, who, like BRAID, is a Basque from Biarritz."—*Sunday Times*.

### THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

#### VII.—CAN A NATION EXIST WITHOUT CHAMPIONSHIP CUPS?

"EXCUSE me, my dear PRENDERBY," said I, "for troubling you again so soon on the matter of British supremacy and the awful cloud it is under. Last time you cheered me up a good deal, but since then such dreadful things have happened. Not only have the Grass Tennis Championships been scattered over the Hemispheres, but the Belgians have beaten Leander by several feet. And now a German has won a swimming race at the Bath Club. And the halfpenny papers are saying '*Ichabod!*' and the more expensive ones '*Fuimus!*'—and, oh, my dear PRENDERBY, have you any more silver lining?"

"I will at least explain the Belgian victory," said PRENDERBY, on a sententious note. "Our rowing traditions are firmly based on the methods required for the protracted four-mile course between Putney and Mortlake. Here a long body-swing will carry you on almost automatically over the last mile when you have become blind to the outer world. The Belgians had the common intelligence to see that totally different methods were required for the Henley sprint. It was not a question of superior physique, merely of the application of ideas to conditions. I think I told you that ideas are not very prevalent among us."

"Well," I said, "after all they only beat us by a few feet. Quite a small idea might have made just the difference. And the same with TAYLOR in the Golf Championship. Quite a small idea might have stopped him from being cross with himself in one of the bunkers, and France would never have avenged Waterloo."

"Do not," said PRENDERBY, in his best pedagogic manner, "do not undervalue intelligence. Physique (including the courage to use it) is a good thing; but intelligence is of no less import. Fought together in their highest form, they render their proprietor invincible. Look at Japan!"

"What is the good of looking at Japan?" I protested. "Japan doesn't hold a Record or a Championship for any single sport, except Ju-jitsu, and nobody else knows the rules of that."

"I grant you," said PRENDERBY, "that the Japanese have never shone prominently at games of ball—leather, india-rubber, ivory, boxwood, bladder-blown, celluloid, or jelly-cored, though they take a lot of beating with the explosive kind. I grant that they have never won hard cash with match-rifles at Bisley, though I am told that they are pretty good at live targets without a wind-gauge. I grant you that they have never carried off the Derby, or the Henley Grand Challenge, or the Pole Jump Championship, or even been honourably mentioned in a Water-polo Tournament; yet, notwithstanding this discreditable record, they happen to have 'the wrestling throws that throw the world,' and the courage and wit to use them right. If I were a great Nation (instead of being the humble individual before you), and had an open chance for the Fighting Championship of the Globe (Mixed Doubles—sea and land), I shouldn't worry much about other varieties of pot-hunting."

"I cannot think," said I, "how they manage to do it without the advantage, enjoyed by us, of experience in cricket and football, croquet and lacrosse."

"Possibly," he replied gravely, "the absence of these very diversions affords them more leisure and energy for the Great Game—that service of their country which is of the essence of their religion. That's why I say, 'Look at Japan'; for nobody ever thinks of looking at her

except when she is engaged in winning a war; and even then we should find a Test Match more distracting. ROOSEVELT, it is true, has half an eye on her in the intervals of hay-making. But then ROOSEVELT has ideas. He has had the idea, for instance, of sending the Fleet round the Horn so as to be there or thereabouts by the time that Japan begins to take real notice of California's manners."

"And one of these days some future President of the U.S.A. will have a further idea, and will invent a Second Fleet for use in Atlantic waters on occasions when Fleet No. 1 is busy exchanging civilities with Japan during the chrysanthemum season; so that there may always be some ships on the right side of the Continent against the time when Germany runs across to mop up Brazil—the obvious objective of the KAISER's growing Fleet, as everybody with even half an idea in his head must be well aware."

"Meanwhile, with the entire American Fleet cruising round Patagonia, a few thousand miles away from anywhere in particular, I suppose you have formed a picture in your mind of Mr. JAY GOULD and Miss MAY SUTTON, armed with Champion Tennis-racquets, defending the Atlantic and Pacific sea-boards respectively against all comers."

"Enough," I said, for I feared that if PRENDERBY continued in this strain he might forget himself and speak lightly of our noblest institutions, such as the Turf, or even allude disrespectfully to the "playing fields of Eton." "Enough!" I said. "You have finally removed my anxiety. And I don't care now if the Battle-dore-and-Shuttlecock Championship *does* leave the Old Country."

O. S.

### SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

I DESIRE to-day to say a few words about coxswains, a class of men whom I used at one time to know intimately, and whose peculiarities I have often studied when we were shut up together, as not infrequently happened, for hours at a time in an open cedar box afloat upon a river. When I speak of coxswains I refer to the little men who condescend with small hope of glory and none of profit to steer racing ships.

It has been said that a tenor is not a man but a disease. Similarly it may be said of coxswains that they are not so much individual men as members of a tribe or secret society formed entirely of male human beings weighing on an average 8 stone. They have meeting-places where they come together to devise the torments which later on they inflict on their fellow-mortals. They have signs and passwords. One coxswain recognises the approach of another long before ordinary burly men are aware of it. You may see the little creature cock up his head while his eyes assume a tense look and his body quivers with excitement; a second little man enters the room or turns round the corner of a lane, and in another moment you may witness the charming spectacle of two of the tribe playing together with all the innocence and the abandon which mark the intercourse of coxswains one with another. No coxswain, it should be said, has ever revealed the inner mysteries of the tribe to an outsider, for coxswains are very loyal and respect the sanctity of their oath. Still, even the dullest oarsman can see something of the freemasonry (if I may say so) of coxswainship when, for instance, a Leander steersman sets eyes on one from Ghent, or a minute man from Massachusetts shakes the little hand of one who has learned his skill round the fearful corners and along the narrow reaches of our crawling Cam.



### BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

(After Charles Keene.)

HUGH CECIL and ALF. LYTTELTON (together). "I COTCHED 'OLD ON 'IM FUST!"

[At the moment when Mr. LYTTELTON, moving a vote of censure on the Government, engages Mr. BALFOUR's support for Colonial Preference, Lord HUGH CECIL, addressing the Unionist Free Trade Club, persists in claiming him as an opponent of Protection.]



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Native of Duffington-on-Sea (with contempt). "Is it a 'EALTHY PLACE? LOOK AT THE FUNERAL HORSE RUNNING IN A KEE FOR WANT OF EXERCISE!"

Coxswains, like white cats with blue eyes, are always deaf—at least during the earlier years of their professional career; and sometimes they remain deaf to the very end. Have you ever heard a coach endeavouring to cause his crew to cease rowing? Etiquette forbids him to do this by shouting directly to his men: he is compelled to use the coxswain as an intermediary. This is how it goes:—

*Coach (to his crew).* Now then, we'll row about two hundred yards hard and then easy. I'll start you. Get ready! Forward all! Are you ready? Row!

*[The crew starts with the usual amount of splashing, No. 5 missing the water altogether and coming off his sliding seat.]*

*Coach (at top of voice).* Oh, that won't do! That's awful! Easy Cox! *(Cox says nothing.)* EASY COX!

*[The Cox sits tight and utters no sound. The Coach becomes purple with passion and begins to howl like a menagerie. At last the crew takes the matter into its own hands and somehow a stoppage is brought about.]*

*Coach (in a tone of cold and cutting irony).* Cox, if you would do me the extreme favour of trying, merely trying, to listen to what I say, it is just within the bounds of possibility that the crew would get on better. Personally I should prefer not to have to shout to you fifteen times. Now then, we'll try another start.

*[This time the Coxswain eases the crew long before the Coach meant it to stop, and so the game goes on.]*

Many years ago—and this is the only pathetic incident I can remember in connection with coxswains—I required a steerer for a four in an up-river regatta. We secured a little boy weighing between 5 and 6 stone. He had never steered before, but he was very keen, learnt his business quickly, and earned much praise by the coolness and cleverness he displayed during the race. When it was over I said to him jestingly, "You're one of the best coxswains I've ever sat in a boat with. You shall steer us again next year—if you don't eat too much and get too heavy before then." The little fellow flushed with pleasure, and murmured something about "trying not to." Shortly afterwards the holidays ended and he went back to school. Here is an extract from a letter I received from his mother some ten weeks later:—

"I think you will hardly believe it when I tell you that a *propos* of your suggestion that Sonnie might perhaps cox for you again, if not too heavy, he has kept himself on short commons all the term. One of the masters wrote to me that the boy was not feeding at all properly, but it was quite by accident that I discovered the cause . . .

"Pray send him a line yourself and disabuse his small mind of the impression."

In the records of heroism and self-denial there is no quainter or more gallant figure than that of this little steerer. He was prepared to stint himself for twelve months, to abandon cake, to forswear pudding, to remain constantly hungry, if only he could secure again the honour of coxing a racing boat.

## HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN UPSHIRE.

### PREFACE.

It is high time that a guide-book to Upshire was written, for not a single work of the kind has appeared since Easter, and none of those already in existence is to be relied upon. For example, in the voluminous *opus* of Mr. BERNARD BOAKS, which was published last year, there is no mention whatever of the light railway from Colchester to the foot of Mount Clim, nor is the interesting association of GEORGE DERMODY with Castle Compton even hinted at. These are grave omissions that go far to invalidate an otherwise meritorious compilation. Hence the present attempt to bring Upshire vividly before the reader.

For kind assistance in his task the author wishes to thank many friends. First of all he would mention Lord and Lady DE CONQUE, whose hospitality at Bridge Nasal he can never forget or too much extol; and after them Sir ARTHUR MAPPINLEY, of Wides Hall; his Lordship the Bishop of COLCHESTER; the genial and untiring Rector of Wimpis; Mr. HENRY PLUMBER, the courteous Town Clerk of Hoo; and lastly Mr. EUSEBIUS FRY, of Melon Regis, the owner of the best *Hortus siccus* ever brought together in this county. Without the kind co-operation of these gentlemen the following pages would have only a tittle of their value topographically, archeologically, and botanically. The author wishes also to express here his acknowledgment to those of his predecessors upon whose work he has levied for historical facts.

### CHAPTER I.

Many problems lie scattered in the path of the author of a guide-book to a county, not the least of which is the question where to begin. For counties may be said to begin everywhere, at any point on the boundary lines or the seaboard. One traveller, for example, may enter Upshire from the east, and another from the west; and how annoying it would be to the traveller approaching it from the east if these pages began at the west! And *vice versa*. In my perplexity I put the difficulty before my friend the Master of CLAYHOUSE, and he at once, with his unerring sagacity, proposed a way out. "Why not," he said, "treat the county alphabetically, beginning with towns or villages, if any, that begin with the letter A; then those, if any, that begin with

the letter B, and so on to Z, again, if any." I give his *ipsissima verba*, which were uttered, I might say, without a moment's hesitation.

This, then, I have done.



TYPICAL UPSHIRE FAUNA.  
(Near Piddingdeane.)

But first we ought to say something of the soil, climate, fauna, etc. The last are chiefly sheep and cattle, which may be seen in most of the Upshire fields grazing or chewing the cud. There are many dogs, too, on the farms, etc., and the household cat of all colours is a common object of the country side. From an interesting talk which I had with a most intelligent keeper one day last year I learned that owls are often heard at night, and hawks not infrequently may be seen hovering over the stubble. Foxes, too, are fairly prevalent; but they rarely enter the towns. This keeper, whose word I have no reason to distrust, distinctly remembered seeing jackdaws circling round the belfry of Chid church.



TYPICAL UPSHIRE GATE.  
(Near Fitworth Major.)

The climate of Upshire is variable, sometimes warm and sometimes cold. August sees perhaps the greatest degree of heat, January of cold.

The Upshire flowers are legion. In the spring, primroses may be found in every copse, or coppice, as the local *argot* has it. (Some of the Upshire words, by the way, are very expressive: thus, instead of "to drink," the Upshire villagers say "to swill"—an admirably expressive term; but more of this later.) It is a common thing in April to see the children of these quaint old-world villages bringing home bunches of primroses. Among other flowers that may be sought for

by the botanist in Upshire with confidence are the little *Bellis perennis* and the shy *Ranunculus acris*. This also is a good district for the handsome *Taraxacum dens leonis*.

[To be remorselessly continued.]

## MILLINERY MANŒUVRES.

[The new summer millinery, as regards shape, contour and angle, is a complete reversal of the preceding mode.]

PROUD, pretty but penniless maid,  
Permit me to come to your aid;  
You want a new hat,  
But your trouble is that  
Your milliner's bill isn't paid.  
You can't wear the thing  
You bought in the Spring,  
Its "nose tilt" is now incorrect;  
For the hat of to-day  
Slants the opposite way  
With a sort of sou'-wester effect.

The shade on the brow must be stunt,  
The brim being narrow and blunt,  
And the trimming's confined  
To the wide brim behind  
That used to be worn in the front.  
But take courage again;  
That hat you disdain  
As the latest creation may score,  
If—no doubt you have guessed  
What I want to suggest—  
You pin it on hind side before.

## RUS IN URBE.

WE learn from *The Daily Mail* that there is luxuriant vegetation to be seen in the vacant sites in Aldwyoh and the Kingsway. The popular wild-flower *Ranunculus arvensis* (buttercup) and the *Carduus arvensis* (thistle) are to be found there. But we have it on the authority of *The Daily Mail's* botanical expert that the soil will grow almost any crops. We see in this a possible solution to the problem of the deserted village. Farm-workers in their thousands come to London yearly, we are told by statistics. Why not set them to work in Kingsway? We commend the suggestion to the London County Council, to Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, Earl CARRINGTON, Mr. RIDER HAGGARD, Mr. BART KENNEDY, and others who are likely to be affected.

Much interest has been aroused in the subject in the Haymarket, Cornhill, and Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES has in view a revival, at the Gaiety Theatre, of *The Country Girl*. "The Gaiety Restaurant" will probably change its name to "The Barley Mow," and *The Morning Post* will become the leading agricultural daily.

PAGEANT PROBLEMS.

"ENQUIRER" (Chepstow). — It would perhaps be an anachronism if KING HENRY VIII. carried an umbrella. Still, as your impersonator of the worthy monarch suffers from bronchial asthma an exception might be made in this inclement summer. If all KING HENRY's wives are to accompany him it would be better to have a gig umbrella.

"ANXIOUS" (Dureham - on - the Wolds). — It is, indeed, trying, when the most picturesque event in your town's history is the opening of your sewage farm by an ex-Cabinet Minister. I do not see how this could be reproduced satisfactorily as a tableau. Why not have "Arrival of the News of Waterloo at Dureham"? They must have heard of that some time.

"MUSICAL" (Chelmsford). — I am not acquainted with any ancient British melody which QUEEN BOADICEA and the chiefs of the Iceni could chant as they drive their chariots in your pageant. Try something modern. I think "Riding on top of the car" would be both appropriate and popular.

"MORALIST" (Pontefract). — Give RICHARD Cœur-de-Lion to understand that he must not smoke cigarettes during the pageant.

"MOTHER OF TEN" (Bath). — Insurance Companies absolutely decline to insure pageants against unfavourable weather this summer. Spectators may be covered against any risk of sun-stroke at a very small premium. Rain spots may be removed from helmets with pumice-stone. Black chest protectors, not red flannel ones, should be worn beneath chain armour. As a general rule with feudal knights brown boots should be discountenanced.

"PUZZLED" (Pudcombe). — It is awkward that your Mayor will insist on representing CHARLES THE SECOND — especially as he declines to shave off his red whiskers. I should change your pageant programme, and substitute WILLIAM RUFUS for CHARLES THE SECOND. WILLIAM RUFUS probably visited Pudcombe quite as often as CHARLES THE SECOND did.

"SECRETARY" (York). — There is no reason, providing that the weather should prove unsatisfactory, that your representation of the Battle of Marston Moor should not be given in the Town Hall. The cavalry, of course, would have to be dismounted; but if all the participants neighed loudly as they charged little of the realism of a cavalry encounter would be missing.



'Arriet (cozing a skiff for the first time). "Look, 'ARRY! THAT'S THE SORTER BOAT WE OUGHTER'VE 'AD. IT DON'T WANT NO STEERIN'."

"MODEST" (Melton Pogis). — I like your scheme for the procession. Your Vicar will enjoy being Archbishop LAUD for one day, and the Congregational minister will make an admirable JOHN BUNYAN in chains. But I should not place them next to one another in your show. Public debates on the late Education Bill are not to be tolerated in pageants. Put your skin-clad Ancient Britons between the ARCHBISHOP and JOHN BUNYAN. The public will tolerate a slight deviation from strict chrono-

logical order. They won't tolerate ecclesiastical controversy.

"ANTIQUARIAN" (Duddle). — Your scene "Curfew Ringing in Duddle at the Time of the Conquest" ought to prove impressive. I hesitate to suggest improvements, but perhaps a practicable public-house might be introduced in one corner. From this, at the ringing of the curfew, Saxons would stagger forth shaking their fists at the Norman oppressor. The scene might conclude with a step-dance by HEReward THE WAKE.



## CHARIVARIA.

THE Royal Meteorological Society is to take part in an international scheme of investigation on the subject of the weather. Many persons are sceptical as to whether any practical good will come of this. It is thought by some, however, that a Resolution will be passed.

Last week a visitor to the Louvre made a savage attack with a knife on Poussin's picture of *The Deluge*. It is thought that the weather was responsible for the man's act. He had no doubt entered the building in order to get out of the rain, and became maddened at the sight of more of it.

The weather has had much to answer for. A man was charged at Bow Street last week with stealing thirty overcoats and a number of umbrellas.

The weather, again, was responsible for a number of unseemly squabbles at the various pageants. All the participants wanted to take the part of Men-in-Armour, that being the only rôle which afforded adequate protection against the rain.

July 27th has been fixed as the last day on which Living Statues may appear, and it is still uncertain what will become of them. It is rumoured that a charitable lady has come forward and offered to provide a home for one of them, and that another may be adopted by a childless couple.

Exception has been taken to some of the statuary which decorates the new building of a Provident Institution in the Strand. Certain of the directors demand that the figure which represents Prudence shall have more drapery—and be changed from Prudence to Prudery.

Any information about the great men who conduct the affairs of the Nation at Westminster is interesting, and our newspapers appear to know this. One of them tells us that Mr. PETE CURRAN, who now represents Jarrow, is known to his intimates as PETE.

The Admiralty has been hauled over the coals for authorising the employment of Chinamen as stokers. The ideal stoker would certainly seem to us to be a black man, as he would not show the dirt.

At a time when we had been losing so many laurels in the World of Sport, it was something of a relief to learn that the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match had been won by an English Eleven.

The miscreants who stole the State Jewels from Dublin Castle would appear to have been very ignorant persons. They did not know that the safe from which they extracted the insignia was burglar-proof.

Mention of this subject reminds us that Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER has announced his intention of producing *The Thief* in November.

"Look after your teeth" would seem to be a very necessary piece of advice just now. A short time ago the valuable gold stopping was stolen from an elephant's tooth, and now we read that an attempt has been made to steal GEORGE WASHINGTON's false teeth from the College of Dental Surgery at Baltimore. Cautious persons would certainly do well to have a small electric burglar alarm fitted to the roof of the mouth.

The marmalade trade is said to be viewing with some alarm a possible effect of the new Compensation Act. It is feared that a large proportion of the orange-peel which used to be thrown on the dust-heap will now be kept for accidents.

There is good news for those persons who suck and chew their pencils. A company has been formed to exploit an invention which substitutes for cedar-wood a mixture of which the main ingredient is potatoes.

"Many English people look miserable when they sing," complains Sir EDWARD ELGAR. We have always thought this show of sympathy for the audience highly creditable.

Our illustrated newspapers must really be careful. To a photo entitled "Signor — and the Monkeys," which appeared the other day, was appended the insulting explanation, "The well-known tenor is distinguished by a X."

Bees are on the verge of starvation owing to the cold and wet weather, and several of them were found the other day in the garden of a workhouse.

Another item of news from the insect world is that an American is said to have trained a silkworm to sing cocoon songs.

It is to be hoped that the site which has been chosen for the experimental open-air school for nervous children is one that is free from birch-trees.

Messrs. MACMILLAN are making a new departure. They announce that "book-buyers can have on approval any volume published by them, on the understanding that, if it is returned in good condition, the cost of the carriage will be defrayed by the customer." Please, does this mean that if the book is returned in bad condition the customer will not have to pay the cost of carriage?

There was only one criminal case for trial at the recent Limerick Assizes, which was the smallest record for nineteen years. This is no doubt the result of prosperity, as the Limerick trade has never been so flourishing as now.

The racing yacht *Hamburg*, which recently had the effrontery to beat the KAISER'S *Meteor*, has now been totally wrecked in a storm, the lifeboat being lost, and two members of the crew thrown overboard and drowned. It is hoped in Court circles that this will be a salutary lesson.

## HIGH TONE IN 1910.

[According to the Headmaster of Eton "the London district accent is spreading in circles of society where one would least expect to find it."]

*The scene is Rotten Row. Against the rails leans the faultlessly dressed figure of that young exquisite Lord RAMSGATE. To him the young Duchess of BROAD-STAIRS, mounted.*

*The Duchess (reining up, cheerily). Ullo, fice!*

*Lord Ramsgate. Cheero, mite. Wat 's the gime ter-dye?*

*The Duchess (with a delicious little laugh). Garn! 'Orse-ridin', stoopid; nuffink else. (Patting her pony.) Wot price this fer a little bit o' orlright?*

*Lord R. (admiringly). Not 'arf!*

*The Duchess. Didn't ought ter do nuffink wiv 'im in the lydies' events at Ranelagh, should I?*

*Lord R. (admiringly). Not 'arf.*

*The Duchess (tossing her shapely head). Bright, this mornin', ain't yer? I don't fink.*





AT A MEETING HELD AT LADY TARBOLTON'S TO DECIDE UPON A FAREWELL PRESENTATION TO THE CURATE FROM THE LADIES OF THE CONGREGATION, MANY SUGGESTIONS FOR A PRESENT WERE PUT FORWARD, SUCH AS SILVER HAIR-BRUSHES, SILVER SHOE-HORNS, &c. THESE, AFTER DUE CONSIDERATION, WERE VOTED INADEQUATE.

MISS ARABELLA MINIFIE ROSE TO PROPOSE THAT A PAIR OF SOLID SILVER TROUSER-STRETCHERS WOULD BE A USEFUL AND FITTING GIFT.

Lord R. (admiringly). Not 'arf.

The Duchess. Well, don't stand there all dye, mite, else yer 'll run to seed. Tootle-oo!

Lord R. Pip-pip.

Another part of the same. Lady FELICIA MARGATE and the Countess of WHITSTABLE on chairs beneath the trees.

Lady Felicia. . . . "Gimme a chawnce ter be erlone wiv yer," 'e said, "an' I 'll show yer 'ow the 'ero in my plye mikes love."

The Countess. Oh! the sauce-box!

Lady Felicia. Jus' wot I said to 'im. But there—yer cawn't be engree wiv 'im long, can yer?

The Countess. Nah!

Lady Felicia. Not that I ever would be left erlone wiv 'im, mindjer. My 'usbing—well, yer know wot Alf is, don't yer? Jealous! Not 'arf!

The Countess. Ah! 'e 's a corfdrop.

Lady Felicia. There 's that sweet Dysy 'Oggen'eimer, let 's talk to 'er.

The Countess. Yus!

The Hon. Mrs. HYTE-SANDGATE'S

boudoir at 257, Campden Hill.

Mrs. H.-S. is talking to her provincial nurse, who is in tears.

Mrs. H.-S. . . . Yus, I 'm sorry, too, but there 's no 'elp fer it. Yer 'll have ter tike a mumf's nowtice.

Nurse. Oh, m'am! I 've tried, I 'm sure, to give satisfaction.

Mrs. H.-S. It 's not that, nuss. I shall be only too sorry ter pawt wiv yer. It 's yer unfortunat accingt. The children do pick it up so quick.

Only this afternoon Master Halgie came into the drorin'-room, and there, before all my friens, spoke of his "baby" brother. Ho, I felt so ashimed! "Byby," I said—"byby, not baby. Wherever do you pick up sech an accingt?" "Well," 'e said, "nurse says baby."

Nurse (sniffing). But, m'am, I assure you I 'm trying every day to improve myself.

Mrs. H.-S. Yus, yus, nuss, I know. But I fink yer must see 'ow 'opeless it is—

Nurse (sobbing). Every day—

Mrs. H.-S. There! Every day. There 's no sech word as day—dye, dye, dye.

Nurse (sobbing). Yes 'm.

Mrs. H.-S. Oh, reely and truly yer set me teef on edge, nuss. Yus, not yes. It 's no good. It must be a mumf's nowtice.

Smoking-room of the same. Present, the Hon. RUPERT HYTE-SANDGATE and Sir ARTHUR FELIX-STOWE.

Mr. H.-S. . . . Wevver 'e 's a bahnder or not perhaps you know better than I. I can only tell yer this, that yesterdye he awsked me ef I 'd got anyfink comin' on for the nex' Darby.

Sir Arthur. Nah!

Mr. H.-S. Fac'. "Durby," I said, "I suppose you mean." 'E didn't 'art colour up!

Sir Arthur. Nah!

Mr. H.-S. Fac'. 'Elp yerself ter a fag.

Sir Arthur. Thanks.



Macfoozler (playing an absolutely hopeless game). "HERE! WHAT ARE YOU LYING DOWN FOR? ARE YOU TIRED?"  
Caddie. "I'M NO TIRED O' CARRYIN', BUT I'M SAIR WEARY O' COUNTIN'!"

#### THE PASSPORT.

[Overheard at Lord's:—"No, he's not a great player; but they had to give him his 'blue'—he's such a good fellow."]

I NEVER was much of a cricketer;

For, the very first ball I got,  
I couldn't help having a flick at her,

So as often was out as not.

But did that prevent my getting a show  
For the 'Varsity team? Lor' bless you, no!

It was thought quite a *hysteron-proteron*,

If I bowled anywhere but last;

People cried, "Why on earth put that rotter on?"

As the fours followed thick and fast;  
And my fielding—well, I muddled a' catch  
On an average quite three times a match.

Yet, in spite of these irregularities,

I collared my "blue" with ease;

For my port, not to mention my claret, is

Of a quality cert. to please.

N.B. Keep plenty of fine old port,

And you're sure of your "blue"—as a Real Good  
Sort!

#### A Fact.

EXAMINATION FOR NOMINATION TO OSBORNE.

Admiral. Tell me some incident of the present reign.  
Aspirant. It has spoilt all the cricket.

ANOTHER DECAYING INDUSTRY.—The garden-hose trade.

#### "CAN PARROTS UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY SAY?"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your esteemed contemporary *The Spectator* publishes a deeply interesting letter under the above heading. I am in full agreement with the opinion therein expressed, that parrots do understand the words they employ. We have had a plain substantial grey parrot for the last ten years. During that time it has perfectly mastered two phrases, "*Pretty Polly*" and "*Good-bye*."

A tedious lady-visitor was worrying my wife, when our bird, who was observing matters, said "*Good-bye*" in the most pointed manner. The effect was instantaneous, and, as my wife said, "No one *could* take offence at a hint from a bird, and such a dear bird too."

Another instance of sagacity. My wife had just engaged a maid of singularly prepossessing appearance. The first time the parrot saw the new servant it unhesitatingly exclaimed, "*Pretty Polly!*" Of course the name was not strictly accurate, but how was the bird to know that the girl was "*Susan*," and not "*Polly*"?

I need say no more. Yours enthusiastically,

ALBERT POPINJAY.

#### From Mr. Le Queux' Latest Novel

"In an angular hand evidently masculine was written the simple words, without address or signature, 'I have seen LA GIOIA' . . . The words were in a man's hand without a doubt—an educated hand which by its regularity and the formation of the 'd's' might have been acquired on the continent."



### A TOUCH OF THE SUN.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT. "NICE, GENIAL ORB, BUT A BIT DAZZLING. WISH I'D GOT MY PANAMA."  
[The despatch of the U.S.A. Fleet to Pacific Waters emphasises the pressing necessity for the completion of the Panama Canal.]



A. J. JONES

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## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 8.—Chamber presents curious aspect. Opposition Benches crowded as on field nights. Peeresses, daintily frocked in spite of weather, bring a whiff of summer to the side galleries. They have heard that Army Bill comes on in Committee to-night. A big business; within its folds safety of Empire rests. Thing to do, in order to encourage patriots, is to show oneself in the gallery. Cannot expect to understand debate; but can look interested. Carry a fan in case there is tendency to yawn.

Whilst seats to left of Woolsack thus animated, Ministerial quarters are almost empty. Long rows of benches without a single Peer. ARMITSTEAD, faithful found among the faithless, keeps solitary watch above Gangway. Not a Bishop to bless quarter below Gangway with benevolent presence. Half-a-dozen Ministers, including PORTSMOUTH in charge of the Bill, face the Opposition Leaders. What has happened? Have Liberal Peers, in anticipation of C.-B.'s action, disestablished themselves? Or have they, in view of overwhelming Opposition majority, thrown up the sponge, declining any longer to take part in farce of divisions?

"Reminds me," says MEMBER FOR SARK, regarding the desert place, "of Ministerial benches in ultimate Session of last Parliament, when PRINCE



DEFENDER OF A CHRONIC "ROCKE'S DRIFT."  
Lord Cr-we holds the fort for the Ministry in the Lords.



WELLES SEUR'S ADVICE DISREGARDED.

"Yes, Sir; I do give the preference to widows."

(Mr. "Lulu" H-re-rt.)

ARTHUR, threatened with debate on Tariff Reform question, was wont to retire, leaving BANBURY and another to represent the majority."

First Order of the day, Committee on Army Bill. Some business assemblies would forthwith have got into Committee. They manage these things better in the Lords. Before LORD CHANCELLOR could leave Woolsack, up gat HARDINGE and submitted what HALSBURY would call "a sort of" Shorter Catechism designed to put PORTSMOUTH through his paces. Fourteen questions in all. UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR half risen to wrestle with his task when MOUNT-EDGECUMBE interposed with another bucketful of interrogation.

Debate followed on Ministers' categorical replies. CREWE timidly pointed out that proper place for dealing with points raised was in Committee.

"The discussion," he added, plucking up courage as he caught sight of WEARDALE entering and be-

ginning to people the plains behind him, "is most irregular."

This brought SALISBURY to his feet with stern reproof.

"Irregular!" he cried aloud. "It is one of the most regular discussions upon which your lordships have ever been engaged."

Proceeded to submit a few more supplementary questions, just as if he were an Irish Member in another place. Finally Marquis RIFON besought noble lords to get into Committee, when all these matters might be dealt with. This it did at end of forty minutes, the questions already put and answered being straightway reiterated, occasionally in form of amendment upon which many speeches were made. PORTSMOUTH, forlornly glancing over empty benches behind him, avoided divisions by liberal concessions.

Business done. — Lords, having wasted forty minutes on going into Committee on Army Bill, do penance

by sitting till half-past eleven. Commons, after dull debate, read Evicted Tenants Bill a second time by majority of 217.

*House of Commons, Tuesday.*—"The Angel of Death has passed over the House."

At a quarter past ten the benches were thronged. Urgent whips brought members on both sides back from hurried, in some cases unfinished, dinners. Whilst MARKHAM was on his legs and the audience grew restless at delay of the division, Major SEELY hurriedly entered and made his way up to the side of WALTER FOSTER seated below the Gangway. Passed between the Chair and the Member addressing it, an unforgivable breach of Order for which he was sternly rebuked by the CHAIRMAN. He explained that a Member was taken ill in the Lobby and he was in search of medical assistance.

It arrived too late. ALFRED BILLSON, one of the Birthday-Honour Knights, feeling that further discussion of a foregone conclusion was waste of time, had half an hour earlier seated himself at one of the writing-tables in the Division Lobby, intent on utilising the precious moments by working off his correspondence. By-and-by the Division bell would ring, and he would be ready to pass on with the rest in support of the Government.

In due course the division bell clanged through the Lobby. But it fell on unheeding ears. The Member for North-east Staffordshire had recorded his last vote; and as the shrouded body was carried forth the tide of life surged through on its way to the divisions.

*Friday.*—Opinion sharply divided on proposal to have debates reported by official stenographer, whose notes shall be written out and printed on following day. This done as matter of course by the morning newspapers. According to present system, a depressed disappointed nation must wait a week before it has opportunity of reading full report of remarks of Mr. O'GRADY, Mr. LEA, and other eminent men.

Delay largely due to fact that manuscript of report is submitted for revision of Members personally concerned. This offers opportunity for illuminating the page with *l'esprit d'escalier*. Brilliant bits forgotten when the hon. Member was on his legs are deftly inserted for the edification of mankind. Under proposed new system this opportunity would be lost; which gives Members pause.

*Per contra* there will be the advantage gained of early and full report

of speeches such as those which the other night blocked Committee's Supply. As DICKENS with prophetic eye wrote in the opening sentence of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, "The kettle began it." Having begun with disquisition on state of University Education in Ireland, Mr. KETTLE in no hurry to finish. Tap turned on, there flowed for a full hour and a half a tepid stream of pompous nothingness. GWYNN supported resolution, appropriating what was left of second hour and a bit over for luck.

Here, out of possible sitting of eight



"THE YOUNG PRETENDER."

The Idol of the Upper Midland Classes.

(Mr. A-st-n Ch-mb-rl-n).

hours, upwards of two were appropriated by a couple of Members. That is good, but the pleasure was reserved for those privileged to seat themselves within hearing. Hereafter, under proposed new arrangement, we shall have these speeches reported and printed at length, at cost of a grateful country.

*Business done.*—Motion for an additional Judge of the High Court.

"—'s Boot Polish does not stain the fingers, and the less you use the better the shine."

"If he failed with his first service, his second was almost invariably equally good."

*Sportsman.*

## THE NEW CULTURE.

[Being some letters prompted by the recent illuminating and erudite correspondence on An Old Latin Drinking Song in *The Standard*.]

### THE ORIGIN OF THE CLASSICS.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—The interesting and epoch-making discovery of *The Standard* that the famous drinking song, "*Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori*," was written by "WALTER KEATS" is full of exhilarating potentialities in the domain of literary authorship. Personally I have always been convinced that the ancient writers, whether mediæval or classical, were greatly over-rated authors. The discovery of *The Standard*, though subsequently declared to be a typographical error, suggests that they may never have existed at all. For my own part I am of opinion that Sir LEWIS MORRIS, who wrote *The Epic of Hades*, is quite capable of having written DANTE's *Inferno*; that BACON, amongst other masterpieces, perpetrated the *Code of Hammurabi*; and that Lord AVEBURY wrote, as well as selected, *The Hundred Best Books*.

Faithfully yours,

SEPTIMUS BOWLONG.

### DID BYRON WRITE HORACE?

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—While recently perusing the works of *Horace* in the fine folio edition of ORELLI, I came across these lines, which seemed to me strangely familiar:—

Juvenis sum rure nuper  
Sed non venies me super.

I consulted the editor of *The Banner*, and he assured me, on the authority of his Oxford correspondent, that, as far as he knew, they had never been translated into English before. But in an old copy of *Kottabos* I have encountered the couplet with the following spirited, if somewhat colloquial, version appended:—

I'm a young man from the country,  
But you won't get over me.

There is a distinctly Byronic flavour about these lines which suggests to me that they were originally composed by BYRON, or perhaps COLERIDGE, and subsequently appropriated by HORACE. This is, of course, a question that can only be finally settled by chronological tests. I have hitherto failed, in spite of repeated applications to the editors of *The Daily Distress*, *Harmson's Weekly*, and other literary papers, to ascertain the precise century in which HORACE flourished, but perhaps some of your more accomplished readers will be





### THE MODERN RACING SEAT.

*First Bluejacket (watching a close finish).* "CRIKEY, BILL! LOOK AT 'EM BUMPING ONE ANOTHER."

*Second Bluejacket.* "GARN, YE SILLY. YOU WOULDN'T MAKE MUCH OF A SHAPE AT STEERIN' ANY SORT O' CRAFT IF YOU WAS SITTIN' ON THE BOWSPRIT LIKE THEM LITTLE CHAPS."

able to supply me with the necessary information.

Thanking you in anticipation, I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,  
MISERRIMUS DEXTER.

#### DOES GREEK PAY?

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—I venture to appeal to you, or one of your wide circle of readers, to advise me on the following point:—I propose to send my eldest son, ORLANDO, to Winchester next September, but I have reason to believe that unless special arrangements are made in his behalf he will be obliged to learn Greek. My own knowledge only extends to an oral familiarity with the first four letters of that alphabet, but that is sufficient to convince me that the strain to which ORLANDO will be subjected is likely to prove very harassing for a highly-strung and sensitive youth. I can see, however, that the intellectual exertion might be considerably lessened by the employment of good transla-

tions. What I wish to know, therefore, is (1) Has DR. EMIL REICH translated HOMER and VIRGIL as well as PLATO? (2) Is Greek of any use on the Stock Exchange?

Faithfully yours,  
ANXIOUS PARENT.

#### WHO WAS HOMER?

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—Can any of your myriad readers kindly oblige me with any information as to the meaning of the phrase, which an old uncle of mine was very fond of quoting, "BALBUS cedicabat murum." I am under the impression that the language is Latin, and that the name of the author is HOMER, but I cannot find out anything about him either in PEARSWORTH'S *Self-Educator*, HARROD'S *Encyclopædia*, or the Army and Navy Store's Catalogue. On writing to the manager of *The Times* Book Club I received a courteous reply, saying that on the return of Mr. HOOVER they hoped to communicate with me

in detail, but for the moment could only say that there were no American novels dealing with the subject.

I am, dear Sir,  
Respectfully yours,  
SELF-HELP.

### WEATHER IN THE GREEN ISLE.

*Extract from the Daily Orders of the Brigadier-General commanding 3rd Cavalry Brigade:—*

#### VISIT OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

On the occasion of the visit of His Majesty the King to Dublin on 10th instant, the Brigade will furnish 400 Cavalry, as under, for the display in the streets:—

3rd Dragoon Guards ...	100
11th Hussars .....	200
19th Hussars .....	100

These men to be selected, as far as possible, from men who are able to swim.

*Dress.*—Review order.

### HINTS ON DIET AND DRINKING.

#### A SYMPOSIUM OF EMINENT EXPERTS.

MR. P. A. VAILE, the famous lawn-tennis expert, attributes the decadence of the leading players in part at least to the conspicuous moderation of their diet.

"At the last championship," he writes, "I was struck by the want of snap and life in the work of some members of the American team. I was horrified when I found that 'John Barleycorn' had been shut off completely. Training as they do, I think a glass of ale every day, and, when they 'feel like it,' a good bottle of wine, would do them far more good than otherwise—but one must not 'feel like it' too often." (*Standard*, July 9th.)

In view of the intense interest shown at the present moment in food and feeding, Mr. Punch has been at pains to secure the opinions of a number of representative men on the relation of diet to culture—physical and mental.

DR. MACNAMARA, M.P., the famous golfing humourist and educational expert, holds strong views on the subject of diet and athletics. "Why is it," asks this witty but uncompromising democrat, "that no peer has ever won the amateur or open championship? I attribute this fact not merely to the enervating and vitiated atmosphere of the Upper Chamber, but to the habitual indulgence of our effete aristocracy in the pleasures of the table. If the nobility practised abstinence and went into strict training, they might yet find a useful and remunerative sphere of activity as golf professionals, club-makers, or caddies."

MR. J. A. SPENDER, the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, writes: "I find the best preparation for

writing leading articles to be a light breakfast of barley-water and bananas, followed by two or perhaps three whiffs of a Russian cigarette. When a crisis has to be dealt with, I occasionally add a raw egg, beaten up in ginger-beer, with a dash of *sal volatile*."

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON writes: "The character of a musical composition will generally be found to vary according to the nourishment taken during the process of incubation. For Funeral Marches I strongly recommend baked potatoes. For Elegies, pork chops are best fitted to induce

he observes that, although most English people pronounce Biarritz "Beer-itz," there is no foundation for the innuendo. In conclusion, he says that he has never yet driven over the Bass Rock, but hopes to do so.

MRS. HILLYARD sends a long letter, the gist of which may be put into these words: Avoid too many buns and strawberries just before a match.

SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P., writes: "No publicist or statesman can hope to do himself or his subject justice unless he is well nourished. The best food and drink come from the Colonies, and for my own part I know

no better pick-me-up for a great Parliamentary effort than a glass of Cassowary claret. This vintage is renowned for its tonic qualities—my friend Lord Avebury has found it quite exceptionally rich in beeswing—and possesses the extra advantage—as I have had occasion to note while travelling—that it runs admirably from a fountain pen or stylograph. As regards food, I do not wish to dogmatize. There is, of course, much to be said for the Roast Beef of Old England. But personally I do not think it can touch a Moose steak or a prime



### MAN AND SUPERMAN.

(The Retort Courteous.)

*Irate Art Master (taking fright at his technical red rag—a scraped background). "WHAT'S THAT FOR? WHAT THE DEVIL DID YOU DO THAT FOR?"*

*Fair Student (sweetly). "BECAUSE I THOUGHT THE D—D THING WANTED IT."*

[*Art Master apologises.*]

the requisite depression. Conversely, if I ever contemplated writing a Waltz, a Polka, or a Two-step—a most unlikely contingency, yet not absolutely inconceivable—I should probably indulge in some effervescent beverage such as sherbet, or possibly soda-water, with a slight infusion of lemon."

ARNAUD MASSEY, the open golf champion, writes an interesting letter in the Basque dialect, the purport of which may be thus summarised:—MASSEY observes that he is no fanatic on the subject of diet, but as the result of his residence at North Berwick he has become a convert to porridge, "baps," and scones. Incidentally

fore-quarter of Wallaby."

### Golden Words.

"LEGAL ANSWERS TO 'CHRONICLE' READERS."

BY A BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

THE extent of the liability of an insurance company depends upon the terms of its policy."

### More Commercial Candour.

"RUBENSTEIN'S HAIRDRESSING SALOON.—Any Lady or Gentleman that will give themselves over to Mr. RUBENSTEIN for half an hour will be surprised at the result."



Old Scotch Farmer (having spent sixpence on a raffle ticket for a pony and trap value £50, and having won it, is shown the prize. After gazing critically at it for some minutes). "BUT WHAUR'S THE WHUP?"

### LONDON STREET NOISES.

[It is asserted by an evening paper that a new kind of barrel-organ is to be put on the market which will produce only the most melodious notes, with none of the jingle of the old organs.]

MY DEAR JACK,—It is so long since you left England that London will seem quite a foreign city to you. Perhaps the change that will strike you first is the alteration in our street-noises. It started with the new barrel-organs, and after that the improvement was rapid. You remember the rattle and clatter of the old motor-buses? All that is changed. A thin hum like the drone of a distant bee is now the sole warning you get before being taken in the small of the back by a Vanguard No. 6. Further down the street a note like that of a delicately modulated fairy horn, followed by a shriek of agony, tells you that a Union Jack is near. The death-rate has increased, but we are no longer too deaf at forty.

The new régime is not confined to

the West End. Wandering down the Commercial Road last Tuesday I was struck by the remarkable improvement in the *timbre* of the costers' voices. Ever since the London County Council refused to grant hawkers' licences to any except students of the Royal College of Music the coster has been on the upgrade. The new system, too, of compelling hawkers to call their wares in ballad form has given an immense stimulus to the verse-writing profession. A well-known lyrist of musical comedy told me yesterday that he was going to specialize in whelk-lyrics. I jotted down the refrain of his latest song, which, wedded as it is to a charming waltz air, should take the town. It runs:—

"Why should you go where the winkles are tougher?

Why should you stray where the vinegar's bad?

Why should you let your digestion suffer When such a quality here may be had?

Put down your penny, and borrow a pia,  
Take up a saucerful, go in and win."

It is a sweetly pretty little thing, and beautifully rendered by ALF BODGER, of 3, Murphy's Rents, Hoxton.

I was talking to Lady BROOKLANDS the other day in the Park. She tells me the old-fashioned tooter is absolutely *démodé* now, and all the smartest people use "melodies." I hear that the very newest model can play six airs, including "*A che la morte*," for use in times of accident.

Thine,

BERTIE.

### Precocity in Paddington.

"To-day, at Marylebone, two intelligent-looking and respectably-dressed boys, aged eight and seven, were charged with begging in the West End. . . . The fathers of the boys said they had each been in situations for over 20 years, and were earning good wages. The boys were well fed and cared for, and were in want for nothing. Their wives were also good mothers."—*Paddington Indicator*.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is really nothing very sardonic about the mirth of Staffordshire as exhibited in Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's latest book, *The Grim Smile of the Five Towns* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). With the exception of the first story, the comedy is almost unrelieved, though here and there a tale has a wry twist. Whilst all, however, are excellent reading, there is a considerable variation of merit. Mrs. Cheawardine, with her wayward femininity, has no characteristically local traits, and the "Baby's Bath" might have happened to anyone; but the "Death of Simon Fuge" is quite another pair of shoes. Here we have, treated with much insight and humour, the quaint effect (as it seems to a Southerner) produced by an infusion of artistic spirit into the Pottery clay. The matter-of-fact manufacturer who is also a consummate musician, and the Byronic painter who makes an idyll for all time out of a brief Sunday-school outing with a barmaid (yet has no honour in his own country), form a well-conceived picture finely executed in the proper setting of lighted tram-cars and slush. But we have one crow to pick with Mr. BENNETT. His last story deals with the unfortunate, though humorous, consequences of packing a ripe Gorgonzola in an empty coffin for a railroad journey, and he claims for the episode a Midland origin. But he is surely mistaken. In a richer, racier form (it was a "Limburger," we believe), that anecdote is one of the grim smiles of MARK TWAIN.

JOHN MURRAY has just published a new edition of *The Heart's Highway*, Miss MARY E. WILKINS's charming romance of seventeenth-century life in Virginia. As Virginia, now a strapping and independent wench, celebrated her three-hundredth birthday in last May, this record of her childhood's days, when she was just turned seventy-five, is of particular interest at the present moment.

Even before she was a colony we know, on the testimony of Sir WALTER RALEIGH, that she had contracted the tobacco habit, and the brand named after her (plucked for, instead of from, the burning) may now be purchased the wide world over. But at the time of Miss WILKINS's story she was forbidden, by the Navigation Act, to sell it anywhere but in England. As this was clearly not the act of God, Virginia refused to take it lying down, and one fine night *Mistress Mary Cavendish* (another good old tobacco name) and *Master Harry Wingfield*, her tutor and lover, together with many other Virginians, set to work to destroy their own crops of the soothing weed, so that, at any rate, the grasping mother-country should not reap the benefit. One result of this most treasonable rebellion was that *Master Harry's* feet were imprisoned in the stocks; another, that it brought *Mistress Mary* to his arms, and so happily ended a very pretty love-story.

From FISHER UNWIN comes a second impression of the same author's *Doctor Gordon*. My own second impression remains practically the same as it was at the first time of asking, to wit that in hands less capable than those of Miss WILKINS what the publisher calls the

weird incidents and unexpected complications of the story would have reduced it to the level of the shilling shocker. As it is, in spite of the prevailing gloom of its mystery, I find it uncommonly thrilling.

Commander PEARY's narrative of the latest search for the North Pole, still unconquered in its solitude, is a tale of indomitable endeavour, of alertness by day and night, the watcher ready to take advantage of every shifting of the wind, every drifting of the ice. The dauntless sailor did not reach the object of his journey, as in sanguine moments he more than once hoped to do. But he returns victor, since, as he succinctly puts it in the title of his book, he came *Nearest the Pole* (HUTCHINSON). When the Roosevelt turned back on the southerly tack, she had come within 174 nautical miles of the mystic spot where Science has located the North Pole. Commander PEARY, though he did not accomplish his heart's desire, discovered a new land north-west of the north-western part of Grant Land, probably an island in the westerly extension of the North American Archipelago. Had the winter of 1905-6, through which the expedition struggled, not been an open one for Arctic regions, Commander PEARY has no doubt that he would have fulfilled the dream of forerunners in the quest whose bones are bleached on Arctic snows. He means to have another try. The thrilling story is illustrated by a number of vivid photographs admirably reproduced. A singularly beautiful one presents a moonlight view of the ship frozen in her winter quarters. Dr. WOLF, surgeon of the Expedition, to whom Englishmen and others living at home at ease are largely indebted for these glimpses of the weird world beyond Greenland's icy mountains, obtained this peerless picture by exposing the camera for three hours in the full moon shining through a December night.



SKETCH FROM NATURE.

A Cockney yachtsman (for one day only) was once heard to remark that he supposed the variegated buoys which dot the Thames mouth were part of an L.C.C. scheme for beautifying Greater London. Mr. A. E. COPPING, in his book *Gotty and the Guv'nor* (E. GRANT RICHARDS), would have you believe that his knowledge of seamanship and the sea is only a few degrees less primitive, and as the *Guv'nor* he sustains the character of the ignorant landsman with a skill that almost compels belief. It might quite compel it were it not that *Gotty*, with his shrewd wisdom, his humour, his splendid indifference to things beyond his immediate ken, could never have been drawn but by one who has the Estuary sailorman at his fingers' ends. On such a theme, and particularly since Mr. WILL OWEN is the illustrator, one is drawn inevitably into a comparison with Mr. JACOBS. Let me state, then, that for all the throat-cutting there should be between the two authors they might be poles apart. Mr. JACOBS has, indeed, already covered the ground, but Mr. COPPING manages to go over it too without crowding. As the Eastern proverb puts it, though the vessel be fulfilled of olives, there is still room for many gallons of oil.

## A Long Month of Sundays.

"LOCOM TENENS for last seven Sundays in August."—Church Times.